

*The History of*

wicht with the rogues company. If the rascall haue not giuen me medicines, to make me loue him, Ile be hangd. It could not be else, I haue drunke medicines, Poincs, Hal, a plague vpon you both, Bardoll, Peto, Ile starue ere Ile rob a foote further, and t were not as good a deede as drinke to turne true man, and to leau these rogues; I am the veriest varlet that euer chewed with a tooth: eight yeards of vneuen ground is threescore and ten miles afoot with me : and the stony hearted villaines know it well inough, a plague vpon it when theeues cannot be true one to another.

*They whistle.*

Whew, a plague vpon you all, giue me my horse, you rogues, giue me my horse and be hangd.

*Prince* Peace yefat guts, lye downe, lay thine eare close to the ground, and list if thou can heare the tread of Trauellers.

*Fals.* Haue you any leauers to lift me vp againe being downe? zbloud Ile not beare mine owne flesh so farr afoot againe, for all the coyne in thy fathers Exchequer: what a plague meane ye to colt me thus?

*Prince* Thou lyeest, thou art not colted, thou art vncoltd.

*Fals.* I prethee good *Prince Hal*, helpe me to my horse, good Kings sonne.

*Prince* Out you rogue, shall I be your Ostler.

*Fals.* Go hang thy selfe in thine own heire apparant garters: if I be tane, Ile peach for this: and I haue not Ballads made on all, & sung to filthy tunes, let a cup of sack be my poison: when ieast is so forward, and afoote too, I hate it.

*Enter Gads-bill.*

*Gad.* Stand.

*Fal.* So I do against my wil.

*Poincs.* O tis our setter, I know his voice: *Bardoll* what newes?

*Bar.* Cae yee, cae yee, on with your vizards, thers money of the Kings comming downe the hill, tis going to the Kings exchequer.

*Fals.* You lie you rogue, tis going to the King: *Tauerne.*

*Gad.* There's enough to make vs al.

*Fal.* To behanged.

*Prince.* You foure shall front them in the narrow lane: *Ned Poincs* & I will walke lower: if they scape from your encounter,

*Henry the fourth.*

ter, then they light on vs:

*Peto.* But how many be they of them?

*Gad.* Some eight, or ten.

*Fals.* Zounds, wil they not rob vs?

*Prince.* What! a coward Sir *Iohn Pawnch*?

*Fals.* Indeed I am not *Iohn of Gant* your Grandfather, but yet no coward, *Hal.*

*Prince* Well, weele leaue that to the prooffe.

*Poincs* Sirra lack, thy horse standes behind the hedge, when thou needest him, there thou shalt finde him: farewell, & stand

*Fals.* Now cannot I strike him if I should be hangd. (fast.

*Prince* Ned, where are our disguises?

*Poincs* Here hard by, stand close.

*Fals.* Now my maisters, happy man be his dole, say I, euery man to his businesse.

*Enter the Trauellers.*

*Tra.* Come neighbour, the boy shal lead our horses downe the hil, weele walke afoote a while, and ease our leggs.

*Theeues* Stand.

*Tra.* Iesus bleffe vs.

*Fals.* Strike, downe with them, cut the villaines throates: a horefon caterpillars! Bacon-fed knaues, they hate vs youth, downe with them, fleece them.

*Tra.* O, we are vndone, both we and ours, for euer.

*Fals.* Hang ye gorbellied knaues, are ye vndone? no yee fat chuffes, I would your store were here: on bacons, on, what yee knaues? young men must liue, you are grand lurers, are yee? weele iure yee yfaith.

*Here they rob them and binde them:*

*Enter*

*the Prince and Poincs.*

*Prince* The theeues haue bound the true men: now couldst thou and I rob the theeues, and go merrily to London, it wold be argument for a weeke, laughter for a month, and a good iest for euer.

*Poincs* Stand close, I heare them comming.

*Enter the theeues againe.*

*Fals.* Come my masters, let vs share, and then to horse before day: and the *Prince* and *Poincs* be not two arrant cow-ardes, theres no equity stirring, theres no more valour in that *Poincs*, than in a wild duck.

*Prince*